

George

John Edmond

George can take a track, with troopies on his back,
carrying the packs n' ammo.
He doesn't look so mush, when he rumbles through the bush,
we've even seen him climb Ngoma.

Takin' us along,
Watchin' over you at night,
Home is far, but the wheels on the tar are a lullaby,
Buddy you know how it feels,
Listen to George, listen to George, an' his singin' wheels!

Just the other day, I heard somebody say,
George is a mighty old ferret.
I think he's gonna find, he'll have to change his mind,
When there's fire comin' outa the turret.

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Watchin' over you at night,
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Listen to George, listen to George, an' his singin' wheels!

Ambush in the trees, makes me shaky at the knees,
haven't been revved in a landy.
makes me feel so fine, when George is in the line,
his firepower's mighty handy.

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yes, George, take us home boy.

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